

THE DAYSPRING.

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WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY REV. GEORGE A. THAYER.

MORE than eight hundred years ago—in the year 1042—there was a king of England named Eadward, who, because he was a good friend to the church, and had many other virtues which made him much regarded by the simple English folks, came after his death to be called the Confessor, a word which means much the same as Saint. This king had a small rude palace in the village of Westminster, just outside of the walls of London, and desired to have at its side a cathedral which should be worthy of a king, and at the same time, by its beauty, be a gift of honor to God. England was then a Roman Catholic land; and a king's church, after the custom of the time, must have a great many priests to march in the religious processions and to attend to the other duties of the Catholic worship. So the cathedral was surrounded by long rows of other buildings, shut in by high walls and strong gates, and wellnigh a hundred monks were given their homes here, their leader being called an Abbot, from whom the cathedral took the name of an Abbey. Westminster Abbey has been torn down in many of its parts since, and has had a great

deal added to its first size, so that it is not quite the same house which Eadward the Confessor built. Yet it is partly the same, and even the newer portions are many hundreds of years old; so that the visitor who sees it in this year, 1882, feels as if in the presence of something very ancient.

It is curious to recall how the village of Westminster must have looked eight hundred or even five hundred years ago. Just about the Abbey were orchards and meadows, and not a great way off were dreary marshes and wild wooded hills, upon which the monks dared not venture for fear of wild beasts. To-day Westminster is a crowded city, a part of London,—its streets lined with stores, handsome dwellings, and palaces for English noblemen, and the sound of wagons and people scarcely ever ceases night or day.

When the Abbey monks died their graves were made within the walls, some of them in a little patch of grass which is still kept green, and others under the floor of the church itself. And when Eadward died he also was buried in the holy ground of his cathedral, and after being changed about from place to place, found his final rest within a great shrine of carved wood and iron, by whose side it is said sick people used to come and lie, thinking they might be cured by being so near

the body of a saint. For many years, as the kings and queens of England ended their lives, their bodies were laid in special rooms called chapels, which were added to the Abbey; and so this old church has as many as twelve chapels, little and great, in which lie more than twenty of England's rulers. One of the most interesting tombs set up within these chapels — for the floor on every side is quite thickly covered with great monuments — is that of King Henry V., who died in France and was brought to the Abbey in great funeral pomp. Far up above his head, where they cannot be reached by relic hunters, are the saddle and the helmet which he used at the famous battle of Agincourt in 1415. The helmet is said to show the dint of the heavy blows of swords which Henry received. And there, under the great stained window, is where Oliver Cromwell — one of the best of England's rulers, and the only one who was called simply Protector and not King — lay for a time, till those who hated him, because he when alive had hated tyrants, dug up his bones and buried them under Tyburn gallows, after offering them many insults. Many people are glad to do honor to the place where he once lay. Not only is this a burial place of kings, but it is the house in which all the kings and queens have been crowned for eight centuries. The coronation chair is a clumsy wooden thing, much hacked and written upon by visitors, who seem to have no respect for anything ancient or sacred. But on coronation days the old scars are covered up with ermine robes so that the ugliness is not seen.

From being used at first as a tomb for kings and their friends, the Abbey has come to be the spot in which a large number of the great men of England, who never sat upon a throne, desire to be buried when their life work is done; and so there are poets, clergymen, musicians, soldiers, actors, and travellers, whose ashes lie under the pavement and whose statues crowd the aisles and cover the walls. Of names of which everybody in our country has heard, there are Dickens and Thackeray, the story writers; John Wesley, so many of whose hymns we sing in our churches; David Livingstone, the African traveller; Major André, who was shot as a spy in our American Revolution; and General Wolfe, who died at the battle of Quebec. It is like reading a great book of history to walk among these monuments. And when the preacher looks down from his pulpit he sees the upturned faces, not only of his living hearers, but of marble statues of orators and soldiers who have been here at church when they were alive. A minister ought to preach well before such a noble company. Every day there are religious services in the Abbey, and during the other hours a throng of people are coming and going through the building, which is so full of quaint and beautiful things that many days' visiting will not exhaust them.

BETTER be called a fool for doing right than be a fool for doing wrong.

For The Dayspring.

ENTOMOLOGICAL ALPHABET.

P.

We made a promise with the opening year;
'T would be a shame if we should break it here;
Two promises, indeed: a general one,—
That the year's end should see our rhyming done
(*Deo volente* — if it be Heaven's will
To grant so long the needed strength and skill);
And a particular one, — that under P,
An insect mentioned in our last should be
Described more fully, — that queer chap I mean
(The Popular Science Monthly Magazine
Tells all about him), — *Mantis* is his name
In science — *Priest* or *Prophet* means the same —
Whose habitation is the Torrid Zone,
Where as the *Praying Mantis* he is known.
The natives have great reverence for him there,
Because he seems as if in constant prayer.
He stands erect upon his hinder legs,
Just in the attitude of one who begs;
With his fore-paws uplifted there he stands,
Like a priest blessing men with folded hands.
And furthermore the dress he wears is green,
So that he may approach his prey unseen —
The sly deceiver that he is — for shame!
The preying *Mantis* were a better name.
But no! let us not wrong the creature thus;
'T is but a hint Nature holds out to us.
The little fellow does his best, for he
His living has to get, as well as we.
Only he acts out one of Nature's freaks
(*Lusus Naturae* they are called), and speaks
With gesture-language, silent but yet strong,
Warning mankind against a dreadful wrong.
Some think the lower tribes are there to teach
Lessons of wisdom in a picture-speech.
Thus, as we saw, the Ant, the Bee, the Drone,
Each gives our race a moral of its own.
And so this *Mantis* may, though innocent
Himself, to us be for a warning meant.
If he was once a man, then was not he
A clear example of hypocrisy,
One of those hypocrites who seem to pray,
Yet think of nothing but to steal and slay,
"Devour widows' houses," widows' mites,
And cheat poor orphan children of their rights.
A kind of outward conscience haply Heaven
To man has in the lower creatures given.
We call them lower — but they well may be
Higher in righteous Heaven's regard than we,
Who follow far less faithfully our light,
And do the wrong even when we know the right.

C. T. B.

HONESTY, sincerity, truthfulness: these are virtues which young and old should cultivate; for they are the best foundation and material of manly and womanly character.

LIFE is a book of which there can be but one edition. Let each day's actions, as they add their pages to the indestructible volume, be such as we shall be willing to have the assembled world read.

HE who forbears to take revenge achieves the noblest conquest of his foe.

For The Dayspring.

THE TRUE STORY OF A SOD-HOUSE.

BY JULIA SARGENT VISHER.



HAT the log-cabin was to the early settlers from Maine to Michigan, the sod-house is to the treeless prairie, where lumber costs a very large sum, and twisted grass is often burned for fuel.

You have many of you seen log-cabins, if only the deserted shanty where some wood-chopper lives in the winter; but sod-houses would be a very novel sight to most of the readers of the "Dayspring." But the "Dayspring" has some readers in this far-away Dakota territory, and I hope it will have many more before long. Perhaps this very paper will find its way into a sod-house, and be read by boys and girls who have never lived in any other. I know that the October number did find its way into just such a house as I am going to tell you about. These sod-houses are plenty in this part of the country. One fine stock farm I saw the other day has a comfortable two-story house, in which the family now live; but near by is the sod-house, with its turf walls and square holes for the windows, where they spent the first hard years of poverty and struggle.

But the sod-house I am to tell you about is very interesting even to people who have seen a great many of them. It stands far out on the broad prairie, with no other house in sight, and you can see a long distance on the prairie, you know. It is ten miles away from any town, and you would have to travel nearly as far as that to find a brick or a shingle or any sign of paint; for this is a new country, and the farms are far away from each other, and the houses are what you would call very poor ones, I am afraid.

But this sod-house looked very pretty on the outside when I saw it. It was early in September, and the tough blocks of prairie sod, which were laid like stone to form the walls, were very gay with the blossoms of the wild sunflower and yellow rosin-weed. The prairie-grass, too, seemed better fitted to grow in a perpendicular position than any I have seen on the steep hillsides of New England. Perhaps you think the roof was turned into a cow pasture, but it had a genuine board roof, though many sod-houses have not. Morning-glories blossomed about the door-way, and the shuttered windows were so arranged as to let in all the light and sunshine possible.

But now comes the strange part of the story. The man who built this sod-house never saw it. It was nothing to him whether the shuttered windows let in the light or not. The yellow sunflowers and the pink morning-glories came and peeped at him through window and door, and though he knew that they were there, and was glad that they grew and blossomed, he never

saw them. And yet his hands had built that comfortable prairie home, and his busy brain, with no help from his sightless eyes, had planned it. When he first stood on that broad unbroken prairie there was no tree to shelter him, and no growth around but the wild grass and weeds. Now there is a flourishing grove of trees planted in straight lines on the north of the house, and a garden where straight rows of currants and other small fruits grow as such things do grow on this rich fertile soil when once they are planted. But it was no easy matter for this blind man to plant. Sometimes the furrows were crooked enough, but the tough sod had to yield and make way for corn and potatoes and wheat. This blind man and his aged mother lived five years in the house he had so patiently and successfully built,—through the cold winters with their cruel storms, and when the hot sun scorched the flowers on the sod walls, or the rain trickled down the damp turf and made little muddy pools in the corners of their rooms. But I presume they made a more comfortable living than many people you and I know who have worse trouble with their hands than this busy-handed blind man ever had with his eyes. And I know that when the five years were ended, and the owner had the deed for his one hundred and sixty acre farm, a man with more money than patience came along and gladly bought the blind man's property, paying well for the improvements.

I tried to find out where he had gone and what he was doing now; but no one knew, although all united in saying that he would do well wherever he was, and that losing him had been a loss to the whole county. They showed me a bridge which he had builded on the public road a mile or two below his house. If you noticed closely you would see augur holes here and there, which he had first bored to made sure that the nails were driven in the very places where they were needed. One year he collected the taxes, and, though he had no list of names and assessments, no mistakes occurred when he gave his report and handed over the money. A trained memory is sometimes as good as eyes.

I am sure I do not need to say to my bright-eyed readers that such a true story as this ought to make all of us, who can see, ashamed of ourselves if we do not do at least as well as a blind man has done.

But I want to speak one encouraging word to the few afflicted boys and girls among the many readers of the "Dayspring." If you are lame or blind or in any way unable to do what other people can do so easily, if when you read the many stories of strong and prosperous boys and girls you think "that does not mean me," here is a story that is just suited to your case. It is not likely you can come to Dakota and build a sod-house and a bridge, but it is certainly true that brave courage and hopeful patience, such as this blind man showed, brings its sure reward. People will hardly think of pitying when they see so much to respect and admire.

HARRY BARKER'S WISH.

BY REV. NATHANIEL SEAVER, JR.

CHISTMAS wishing began in Winrose as early as the first of November, and after the other boys had wished for things that would make Vanderbilt turn pale, Harry Barker, whose mother was poor, took his turn. He said he would n't wish for a span of horses and a cutter,—a good stout sled would do; and he would n't wish for silver club-skates mounted with diamonds,—a pair of stub-toes would be good enough for him. The boys laughed at his seriousness,

for they felt, although they did not tell him so, that he would not be likely to find anything in his stocking except holes. "You may laugh, boys," he cried good-naturedly, "but I'm going to have 'em. I am tired of borrowing. You see if by Christmas day, I don't have a sled all painted red and green, and named Snow Bird, and a pair of skates, too!"

Where was the money to come from? He did not know. He stopped to look at Mr. Snelling's window on his way from school, and while he was doing so it all flashed upon him. With a sudden impulse he entered the store. Fortunately there was no customer present.

"What do you charge for skates," asked he,—"your cheapest kind?"

"Seventy-five cents. Do you want to look at them?"

"No, sir; but could n't you find something for me to do so that I could earn a pair before Christmas?"

Mr. Snelling thought for a moment, studied the little earnest face and chubby form, and then said slowly,—

"Yes, I shall be crowded on Saturday nights until after New Year's. If you'll come here and draw molasses and vinegar and oil, and run errands, I'll give you twenty-five cents every Saturday evening."

So much for the skates, but how about the sled? It was useless to think of earning money for that also. He would try to make a sled.

With this thought in his mind, he called in on Mr. Fish, the carpenter. He was a man of few words, and so busy on Christmas orders that he paid no attention to Harry, who stood waiting at least ten minutes. At last Mr. Fish looked over his shoulder and said,—



"Well?"

"I—I—I—want to build a sled," stammered Harry, "but I've no boards, and no tools, and no place to work in."

"Then you can't."

This was discouraging, but he tried again.

"I'll do errands to pay for the boards, and I won't get in your way."

After a long pause Mr. Fish, without looking up from his work, said,—

"Do you know where I live?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring me my dinner from now till Christmas, and I'll let you come here afternoons, and I'll throw in the paint and boards and those old steel sled shoes on that beam, but don't ask help, for I am driven to-day."

"Shall I go to-day?"

"Yes, to-day."

Harry's contracts, thus quickly made, were faithfully fulfilled; and at the beginning of Christmas week the Snow Bird stood drying in the shop, while Harry's bank had seven new silver quarters in it. Not all for skates, though. Mr. Snelling had received a new lot of shawls, and Harry, hoping he might have money enough for one of these besides the skates, inquired the price.

"One dollar and seventy-five cents," was the answer.

This was every cent of Harry's earnings, but he thought of his mother's thin, patched cape and said, with a sigh, "I'll take one."

"You can buy the skates, too," said Mr. Snelling, "for you are a clerk and can buy at wholesale prices. That will make the shawl one dollar forty, and here's a pair of skates, a little rusty, which you can have for the remainder."

Harry's eyes sparkled, and he was about to accept this generous offer; then his face darkened again.

"No, sir," he said, "I can't take 'em. I had forgotten Sis; she needs a pair of mittens."

"That's right, Harry," said Mr. Snelling. "Be kind to her, and you will not repent it."

No, he did not repent it; for his mother and sister had a happy Christmas, and the Snow Bird was a success. It was all his own work, too, even to the painting. The boys said the snow birds looked like chickens with shaving brushes for tails, and that the lettering ran up and down hill. But Harry let them laugh, as he could well afford to, and said that the sled would run faster than the letters.

Better than all, he did not lose his skates. After supper came a furious thump at the door. Harry found nobody there, but that did not trouble him, for hanging to the door-knob were some new skates; no old-fashioned stub-toes, but a pair that any boy might be proud of.

Where did they come from? No one knew, but they looked like a pair Harry had seen in Mr. Snelling's window; and Harry had good reason to suspect Mr. Snelling sent them.

For The Dayspring.

RUTH'S FIRST PIE.

BY MRS. ANNIE D. DARLING.



UTH'S mother had been baking pies all the forenoon, and Ruth had been, as she thought, a great help.

She had grated nutmegs and lemons, till the skin was ground off her forefinger and thumb, and her wrist ached. She had beaten eggs till her arm was lame to the shoulder, and had pared and sliced great rosy-cheeked apples till, when she went to the sink to wash her hands, they turned as black as were the cook Dinah's.

And now, as a reward for all this hard work, she had the pleasure of making a great pumpkin pie, all herself, after her mother's directions. She wished to bake it herself likewise,—and then eat it herself? No, she was to have the joy of carrying it to an old woman who was poor and lame, who had for years lived in a little house at the foot of the hill.

Ruth often carried little things to her that her mother provided, and she was always welcomed, petted, and praised by old Mrs. Smith, so that she liked to go; for it is pleasant to everybody to be made much of, and this little girlie was no exception to the general rule.

The pie was made and safely in the oven, with Dinah's steady hand to guide the well-filled plate.

Ruth opened the oven door so often to look after its welfare, that at last Dinah advised her to leave it for a while, and go and have a play with baby Robbie;

"For," said she, "don' ye know 'a watched pot never biles,' Missy, an' yer crus' ll be as hebbey as led if ye keep on opening dat yere door."

So the little girl ran off, saying, "That ain't a pot pie, Dinah, and I don't want it to *bile*, only bake; it's a pumpkin pie, 'cause Mrs. Smith likes 'em best. I'll be back in a minute."

Robbie welcomed his sister after her long absence from him, for he loved her dearly; and they played "frog and gardner," as they called it,—Robbie hopping about the room on all fours, and Ruth chasing him; a very lively, if rather noisy game.

Suddenly Ruth, looking out of the window, saw an elderly lady coming up the avenue, whereupon she ran hurriedly to the kitchen, calling, "Dinah! Dinah! give me my pie, quick! I want to hide it 'cause Miss Green is coming, and she always hints and hints till she gets everything she wants, and I know she'll want my pie, and she sha'n't have it, anyhow!" and she took up the great golden pie that stood smoking and gleaming under its brown mottled top, not heeding Dinah's warning, who exclaimed, "Hist, honey! ye'll burn yer fingers!"

Too late! Ruth dropped the plate on the table, and fairly howled as she danced a quickstep, holding up eight burned digits.

But in a moment she caught up a dish towel that lay near and, seizing the pie, rushed across the room, pushed a cushion out of a great arm-chair, set the pie on the chair seat, and replaced the cushion.

Dinah exclaimed again, "What a chile! don' ye put it there!" and started to get it, but Ruth frantically pulled her back, and the door opened.

Miss Green entered the room, quite breathless with mounting the hill.

"I thought I would come right in this way," said she, "I was so tired and out of breath. How do you do, Dinah? Is your mother at home, Ruth?"

"Yes'm, walk right into the sitting-room, please, and I'll call her," answered Ruth hastily.

Miss Green turned to leave the kitchen, but its savory odors proved too great a temptation to be resisted, and she exclaimed, "I declare it is as good as a meal to sit here, your cooking smells so good, Dinah; and this great chair looks so inviting to a weary body I believe I'll sit down and wait for Mrs. Maynard here;" and she sat down plump on the red cushion in the arm-chair that held the pie.

A stifled scream from Ruth and a look of horror on Dinah's black visage astonished Miss Green, as well as a muffled sound of a breakage beneath her; but she looked over the side of the chair to see if all was right on the floor, and settled herself, calmly unpinning her shawl as she went on talking.

Ruth rushed to her mother, feeling that she could bear no more.

"O mother! that horrid Miss Green's gone and set right down on my pie, my beautiful pie, and I think it's too mean, *there!* I just hate her, anyway! she's

forever here, hinting and hinting and hinting, and now she's set down on the very first pie I ever made, and I think it's too bad! I—" and tears rolled down the flushed cheeks in torrents.

"Hush, my dear! you can't mean what you say! Tell me, what is it? How could any body *sit* on your pie, and where is Miss Green?"

Ruth detailed the events of the last few moments in an excited manner, her mother listening quietly.

Then Mrs. Maynard rolled the smarting fingers up in some soft linen rags, wet with a healing lotion that would quickly relieve the pain, and kissing the tear-stained cheeks, said kindly,—

"I think my dear little daughter would not have said that she *hated* anybody if it had not been that the pain of these burned fingers made her forget that she has been taught the precept of Jesus to Love one Another, and I am sure Miss Green would not have sat on your pie if it had been on a shelf in the closet."

"As to her visits and hints," continued Ruth's mother, "did you know that she once had everything that this world could give her of luxuries and pleasures, but that after her father and brothers died, by the dishonesty of an agent, she lost all her property, and that she now has to work hard every day to support her grandmother and herself, and can no longer afford the comforts they once enjoyed?"

"No, mother, I didn't know she was poor; but she always seems to think what we have is so nice, it seemed as though she hinted to get some of it," said Ruth soberly.

"I pity her so, Ruthie, that I am glad to give her anything she likes, for doubtless she misses much in the scant living she can provide; so don't *hate* her, or any one; my dear; but come with me and we will fill a basket, as I intended doing, and you will see how grateful she will be, and more for the pleasure it will give the old grandmother than for her own."

"How do you do, Mrs. Maynard," said Miss Green, as mother and daughter entered the cheerful kitchen; "I was just telling Dinah that sitting here is as good as eating one of your mince or pumpkin pies, they do smell so good."

"They do smell good," said Mrs. Maynard, smiling pleasantly. "I am glad to see you, Miss Green, and I hope you will like the taste of them. Ruth is going to take some things to old Mrs. Smith for me when John comes from the station with the carriage, and I shall send a basket to you that I hope you and your grandmother will enjoy."

"O Mrs. Maynard, how kind you are! I believe you never forget the Golden Rule;" and Miss Green wiped away a tear. "Grandma was longing for a bit of pumpkin pie only yesterday, but I couldn't give it to her. She talks and talks of all the dinners we used to have at home long ago, till it would make your heart ache to hear her ask if she mightn't have just a little piece of roast turkey, or a bit of mince pie, or a glass

of jelly, or some such nice thing that I cannot make or get now. She is so old as to be childish about things, you know."

Mrs. Maynard *did* know; and the generous basketful that followed Miss Green home that night showed that she remembered every little delicacy that the poor old lady had expressed a liking for, and many other needed comforts.

Ruth made another pie with Dinah's help, as her fingers were too sore to allow her to do it alone; but its success was complete, and Mrs. Smith was delighted with it, and the many other nice things that went with it, and laughed as heartily as did Ruth herself when she related the sad end of her "First Pie."

SUNDAY AFTERNOON TALKS.

II.—SUNDAY MANNERS AND SUNDAY CLOTHES.

BY KATE GANNETT WELLS.



PUTTING on and taking off Sunday manners is an invisible process like Penelope's web; but, when worn, the bearer suddenly becomes beautiful, and every one knows that he is clothed in Sunday manners as well as in a Sunday dress.

There is no legislation of the city or State against wearing the manners all the time, though constant use of the dress is forbidden by what a little boy called "comical reasons," when he meant to use a big word and forgot the other syllables which would have made it economical.

Sometimes children like to surprise people by good manners as well as by clean hands, but why they take so much trouble to forget them is a mystery. Pleasant manners are habits. It is a great deal harder to get out of the way of saying and doing the right thing than it is to keep in it.

Sunday manners mean the way you act when the Sunday washing is administered; the way you eat your breakfast and say good-humoredly that the fish-balls are too salt and that the brown bread is so sticky it gets all over your fingers; they mean the way in which you make your teacher feel that the Sunday-school is a first-rate place, that she is first-rate, and that you shall not forget the lesson; and the way in which you sit and listen at church. Sunday manners are recognized by the endeavor to help or amuse others at home; by the quiet shutting of doors, the pleasant bows, the cordial handshakes, and the even tones in talking; by the avoidance of all slang and rough phrases; by the frolic without any fuss after it; and by the quiet talking hours in which you feel so good, that you cannot imagine that in ten or twelve hours more you will come downstairs without saying good-morning; and that you will ask everybody what they are

doing *that* for, and why can't they know enough to do it in a better way; and that you will talk loud and fast and seem as if you were against everybody and every one were against you. So the carelessness and the rudeness will increase throughout the week till Sunday returns, and with the best clothes may come again the ladylike girl or the gentlemanly boy.

Perhaps some one will say it is no matter what you do at home. But it is, for two reasons: first, that you ought to assist in making home brighter and happier than any other place; parents give the big helps at home, but children the constant little ones; add to that all the fun that comes from the young ones of the family, and the children's aid will weigh heavily in the home scales of help. And the second reason is, that if you don't get into the habit at home you surely will forget yourself just at the wrong time or place.

For instance, you will go to a party and you will become so excited that you will not even know that you are taking more than your share of the candy, and that you pulled out of the cake basket, for your own self, the prettiest piece you could spy, or that you have been "round raising," instead of taking care that you did not hurt other people's feelings and furniture. "Raising" is when a boy does all sorts of things that he ought not to do, yet not one of which is bad in itself; but put them all together and every boy knows what the word means, though no one can give a definition of it. No boy would think of doing so, supposing he went to a party on Sunday. Now why should he on Monday? Yet he would have almost as good a time at the moment, and a great deal better time afterwards when he thought over the party, without having made himself a small terror to the little ones and the elderly folk.

Form the *habit* of good manners. A wise uncle says children are never so lovely as when they are tucked in between sheets. They then are calm, happy, and attentive, and want to be better and mean to try with all their might, but the next morning they come out of the sheets in a different mood. Children are seldom ill-mannered on purpose, but are so either from forgetfulness, excitement, or hurry. It takes thought to remember how to behave. If you stop to think, you need not get excited or beside yourself so that you have to be talked to, blamed, or perhaps punished, or find it wiser to go off by yourself (if you are old enough), before you can become sufficiently calmed down to know what you should have done and did not do, or what you must do now. If you are quiet, you will not be in a hurry and will remember what to do at the right time, in the right place, and in the right way. No one will say of you then, "I never saw such manners!"

When you have read as far as this, if you will stop for one moment and just recall how you rushed out of the house instead of stopping to speak to some one, you will see you did it just because you were in a hurry; so you got excited, and then forgot. It took three conditions or states of mind and body to make you rude,

and it takes their three opposites — slowness, quietness, and memory — to make good manners. Then there is one more quality which helps greatly, and which comes through carrying the Sunday result of home talks, Sunday-school, and church into week-day school, fun, and work, — sympathy.

I know children who do much more for others on Sunday than on other days; who notice that mamma looks tired, or that papa seems glad to rest; who enjoy their books which are not all adventures; who like to hear of other people's struggles and to invent ways of helping them. They don't mind thinking about such things when they can't skate or play base ball. But if they would carry that way of looking into other people's minds, and putting themselves in their places and guessing just how they feel in the school-room and up on the base-ball ground, they would not come home with so many torn books and jackets; they would not punch each other for fun, till the boy who is pounded, but won't cry, comes into the house faint; or they would not snub the girl who wears grass-green ribbons instead of olive-green, and "bangs" her hair when frizzles are in fashion.

You know the old proverb, "When you are in Rome you must do as the Romans do." That is, when you are visiting and like to get up at five o'clock, you can wear slippers, and not heavy-heeled boots, till the family comes down to breakfast; and if they always have oatmeal and milk you need not say that you can't eat it without syrup; and if some of the family like to play games and you don't, because you are not quick at them, you need not say "games are stupid." Try to find out what others like.

Manners are not something apart from you; they are your way of life. In little things they may change according to the people with whom you are thrown, but the principle of having a *Sunday kind of sympathy* must be in your manners all the time. Give up your seat in the horse-cars to the old women as well as to the young girls; walk down town with a poorly dressed boy as well as with one who orders his coats from a fashionable tailor. Then when you put on your Sunday dress you won't have the trouble of hunting after the manners.

Did you ever see a set of printed "Rules to make Home Pleasant"? They were invented by some Philadelphia children and wandered to a Boston home, where one day a little boy took it into his head to copy them and send them to the Western Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 40 Madison Street, Chicago, where they are sold at five cents apiece.

LEARNING without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is perilous.

WE may cast our care on God, but we can't cast our work on him.

HE who blackens others does not whiten himself.



TIT FOR TAT.

BY ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

" You naughty little pussy-cat!
How could you, *could* you do it?
You scratched my hand and tore the skin;
The blood is bursting through it!"
" You pinched my ear!" cried pussy-cat;
" I only gave you *tit for tat.*"

" Do unto others as you would
That they should do to you,"
You'll find is still the wisest rule
As life you journey through.
The world, my dear, like pussy-cat,
Will give you, always, tit for tat.

THE SKATER'S SONG.

AWAY! away! our fires stream bright
Along the frozen river;
And their arrowy sparkles of brilliant light
On the forest branches quiver.
Away! away! for the stars are forth,
And on the pure snows of the valley—
In a giddy trance the moonbeams dance,—
Come, let us our comrades rally.

Away, away, o'er the sheeted ice,
Away, away, we go;
On our steel-bound feet we move as fleet,
As deer o'er the Lapland snow.
What though the sharp north winds are out;
The skater heeds them not;
Midst the laugh and shout of the joyous rout,
Gray winter is forgot.

'T is a pleasant sight, the joyous throng
In the light of the reddening flame,
While with many a wheel on the ringing steel,
They wage their riotous game;—
And though the night air cutteth keen,
And the white moon shineth coldly,
Their homes I ween, on the hills have been,—
They should breast the strong blast boldly.

Let others choose more gentle sports,
By the side of the winter's hearth;
Or 'neath the lamps of the festal hall
Seek for their share of mirth.
But as for me, away! away!
Where the merry skaters be;
Where the fresh wind blows and the smooth ice glows
There is the place for me.

Rev. Ephraim Peabody.

HOME DUTIES OF CHILDREN.

THE honey-bees have a six-sided home for their children. Gratitude, Obedience, Usefulness, Kindness, Beauty, Preparation, are the six duties of children at home. Let children remember these six virtues, and cultivate them.

QUESTIONS ON HOME DUTIES OF CHILDREN.

1. Am I grateful for all my blessings?
2. Do I honor, respect, and obey my parents?
3. Am I a comfort by being useful at home?
4. Am I kind to my brothers and sisters?
5. Do I make home beautiful with neatness, order, politeness, flowers, music, pictures, and a pleasant face?
6. Am I laying up strength, knowledge, and good habits for my future life?

W. G. B.

BOUND volumes of the "Dayspring" for the years 1872-81, inclusive, are for sale at the office of publication, 7 Tremont Place, Boston. Enclose *fifty cents* for any volume you want, and it will be sent by return mail.

OUR NEXT NUMBER.—The "Dayspring" for March will be a double (sixteen page) number.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE IN JANUARY NUMBER.

Panorama.

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